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THE

Commonweal

ASIA AND THE FUTURE

by C. K. Yearley, Jr.

FRUSTRATION ON THE FARM

by John C. Cort

THEOLOGY OF THE LAITY

by Elmer O'Brien

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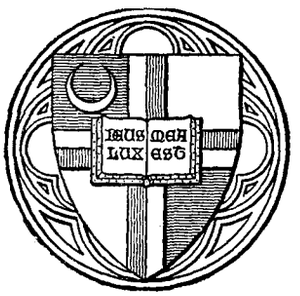

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-THIRD YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

CIVIL RIGHTS

THE SENATE has begun its great debate on the Administration's civil rights program. Good and bad, wise and foolish, the words spoken in that chamber during the weeks ahead will be heard around the world. For what is at stake is one aspect of the gravest moral issue that confronts our civilization. Soon, we in the United States will discover—and tell the world—whether or not we will take another step away from racism, another step toward that equality to which we as a free people are pledged.

In recent years there have been many struggles over civil rights bills. Some of them have been deadly serious. A few have been sham battles, in which the proponents of a measure and its enemies alike knew that it had no chance of becoming law. The struggle that is now beginning is, as we see it, no sham battle.

Despite some trepidations caused by President Eisenhower's press conference remarks, the Administration seems intent this time on winning a civil rights victory. If it succeeds, the results will be a "moderate" program in keeping with President Eisenhower's philosophy, but a victory that will be highly significant nonetheless.

From a narrowly political point of view, introducing civil rights legislation at this time gives the Republicans an opportunity they welcome to show the voters a woesome picture of the Democratic party split right down the middle. From a larger point of view, the one that will interest most people, enactment of Administration proposals may one day mean an end to political white supremacy in the South.

The heart of the proposals now under debate is the right to vote. The Administration program would set up a new civil rights division in the Justice Department, under the direction of an Assistant Attorney General, and authority would be given to the Justice Department to seek intervention by a Federal court when any citizen's civil rights are being violated. Under this legislation, the Attorney General could take action against any interference with the right of Negroes in the South to vote in Federal elections.

The Eastlands and Talmadges may deny and deny, but the evidence that many Negroes in the South are being deprived of their right to register and vote is too strong for us not to accept it. Making it possible for Negroes to vote without intimidation or fear of reprisals should lead to a healthy competition for their votes in the South. Eventually, it should mean the end of the one-party system that now prevails in the South. And it should bring to office moderate political leaders who would be, we are convinced, more representative of the people of the South than are the extremists now dominating the scene.

AT THIS POINT in the Senate proceedings, some Southern spokesmen are saying that their objection is not to the purpose of the bill but only to its wording. According to them, the South wants the bill changed to make more explicit the fact that it is aimed solely at protecting the right to vote. For our part, if the South really wants the wording of the bill changed to clarify this point, we would favor such changes. (We say "if," of course, because serious doubt does exist as to whether Southern spokesmen really fear only the wording of the measure or whether they are simply trying to confuse the issue.)

We would favor restricting the measure specifically to voting, if that change would assure its passage, not because other and important injustices

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do not exist, but because the right to vote is fundamental to citizenship and the key to future advances in this field. And we think Southern legislators will find it hard to justify opposition to any measure that is clearly intended only to enable American citizens to cast their votes freely.

Access to educational opportunities, an end to economic discrimination, the exercise of political equality in fact as well as in fiction—these are key steps toward the achievement of interracial justice in American life. The present proposals of the Eisenhower Administration represent a serious attempt to achieve political equality in fact, and this magazine therefore strongly supports them.

Some Southerners claim that the North is trying to force upon the South steps it will not accept itself. This, we believe, is not true. And yet, while this debate is going on in the Senate, it would be good for the North to look to its own record.

There is discrimination in the North, and positive injustice. Too many Negroes live in Northern slums; too many are denied equal economic and educational opportunity; too many suffer from birth to death because of their color. These injustices, however, are private, non-institutionalized. Where laws on racial questions exist in the North, they are designed to attack the structure of prejudice, rather than to extend and support it as in so many Southern states. This difference between North and South is a fundamental one.

But, that being granted, it still remains for the people of the North to look to their own consciences in this matter. For those who live north of the Mason-Dixon line, it is not hard to support civil rights legislation that will largely affect the South. We favor such legislation, but we also favor renewed and continuing efforts in the North to put an end to racial injustice in all those personal, non-public areas in which it now exists.

The national ideal demands full and equal participation by the Negro citizen in American life. Without resorting to name-calling, or bitterness, or pointless recriminations, that must be our goal, in the North and in the South. The American conscience will never be quiet until it is won.

NEXT WEEK

BEDE GRIFFITHS writes about the use of the vernacular in the Liturgy, especially in the East.

"Every man has to hear the Word of the Gospel 'in his own speech'; that is to say, it has to enter into the depths of his being, to answer to his inmost need, and to call forth a response which expresses his own intimate nature. In this sense the power of the Spirit always remains within the Church, enabling her to speak the Word to all people and to find those forms of expression which are adapted to the needs of diverse races and cultures."

THEY'RE OFF!

IT'S STILL a long way till 1960, but the Presidential sweepstakes seems to be underway already. The outstanding contestants in the race are Vice President Nixon and Senate Minority Leader Knowland for the Republican nomination, and Senate Majority Leader Johnson, Senator Kennedy of Massachusetts and Senator Humphrey of Minnesota for nomination by the Democrats. All these gentlemen are engaged in an increasingly strenuous demonstration to the American people of their understanding of public issues, their wisdom, good will, and, generally, their fit qualities for the Presidency.

After a strong start, assuring him of a favored, inside position, Vice President Nixon seems to have lost the lead to Senator Knowland. He hasn't made a headline in weeks, but it would be a mistake to underestimate his abilities in these matters. He is an experienced and sagacious political competitor, and he may be holding back for a surge in 1960, when it will really count.

Senator Knowland has been waging an open and aggressive campaign for the nomination. He rallied the forces of the Old Guard in the economy drive, and he leaped into the disarmament spotlight with a dramatic, if meaningless, proposal that the West swap Norway for Hungary in a troop-withdrawal arrangement with the U.S.S.R. This last provoked understandable horror in Norway and the NATO countries before they realized that the Senator was speaking for publication only. Now, as leader of the Republican civil rights supporters, the Senator is enjoying daily and, except in the South, highly commendatory headlines.

The Democratic hopefuls have been concentrating mostly on foreign policy, perhaps because it is an area where the Administration is vulnerable, or because it affords best opportunity for "statesmanship," or because it meets with greatest public response. Senator Johnson won acclaim when he seized the initiative from the Administration in the

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matter of communications between the Soviet Union and the U.S. Senator Kennedy sent a shock wave round the world when he urged the United States to assume a major role in the Algerian struggle for independence. And he has continued his complaint that we provided too little aid to Poland.

Senator Humphrey has offered important pronouncements on foreign policy in regard to the Middle East and Communist China, differing flatly, and with maximum publicity, with the Administration's programs in both these areas.

It is reasonable that politicians should seek to win the regard of the public, and good that they should offer independent judgments on government policies and assumptions, especially in the field of foreign affairs. Such political competition contributes to the education of the public and the fuller examination of issues which might otherwise be neglected. But the necessity for publicity, and the desire to display independent ideas at any cost, can tempt ambitious politicians into irresponsibility, demagoguery, opposition for its own sake. Some of these men have, unfortunately, already flirted with this danger.

Political contests like these are healthy things, but they are dangerous too. Too often the heat of the race and the magnitude of the prize lead to an "anything goes" political struggle. We're hoping for the best, this time, but not too confidently.

KREMLIN UPHEAVAL

ONCE AGAIN Nikita S. Khrushchev has disturbed the already turbulent world of Communism and international politics. Once again he has acted in a dramatic and surprising manner. His strong attack on Stalin and Stalinism marked the high point of the Twentieth Party Congress, and its reverberations were soon felt in Communist satellites and in free nations around the world. Nor have the consequences of that speech yet been exhausted. It is at least a partial cause of the ferment and revolt in East Europe. It altered, to some degree, the relations between Russia and its satellites, between the Stalinist leaders and the "liberal" leaders. Many current debates within Communism can be traced back to that speech.

Now, however, Mr. Khrushchev has acted even more strongly. He has attacked and demoted some of the oldest, most capable, and ruthless of the Russian Communist leaders. Expelled from the Communist Party hierarchy and from their high government posts are Vyacheslav M. Molotov, Georgi M. Malenkov and Lazar M. Kaganovich. Mr. Molotov had seemed to many American observers much like a permanent, immovable fixture of the Communist scene. He was the hard Stalinist who had both forged and followed the most tortuous policies of Communist policy, the only living Soviet leader to have worked with Lenin, the constant rejector of Western policies and compromises. Mr. Malenkov, relatively young and extremely able in Kremlin political maneuvers, was Stalin's private secretary and the successor to his titles and position upon Stalin's death. Mr. Kaganovich, the only Jew in the Soviet hierarchy, was not only a veteran Communist leader, but he maintained his high position when Jews were under severe attack in Russia.

These three are the principal members of the "anti-party" group which Mr. Khrushchev encountered and overthrew. The struggles for personal power within the Kremlin are never completely separable from opposing policies. In so far as Mr. Khrushchev and his supporters differ from the "anti-party" group, the latter are more rigid, more committed to the traditions of Stalin. Mr. Molotov, for instance, is reported to have opposed Mr. Khrushchev's plan for increasing commodity goods at some expense to heavy industry. The differences were popularly summarized in the phrase "guns or butter," and Mr. Molotov preferred the former. He was not enthusiastic about the downgrading of Stalin, and he was consistently opposed to relaxation of cold war tensions. And these are the charges that Mr. Khrushchev leveled against him in his Leningrad speech of July 6. Mr. Malenkov, who could not be accused of all these "crimes," was thoroughly implicated in the "Leningrad plot."

The victory of Mr. Khrushchev—and it can be called no less—would seem to be encouraging to the West. Some of the satellites, Poland in particular, feel that the change allows for a greater measure of independence. They have accepted the upheaval with eagerness. But so have the Communist Parties of China and the more suppressed satellites.

Although the change would seem to allow for an improvement in world conditions, a recollection of events of the last year should dampen easy enthusiasm. When the trend against Stalin seemed to move too fast, Mr. Khrushchev readily reversed himself to say, "We are all Stalinists." He promised Mr. Gomulka that Poland would be crushed. And if anyone thinks that he would not, under proper circumstances, have carried out his promise, Hungary is there to prove otherwise. Nor does the recent denunciation of the United States policy

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toward Korea suggest a ready relaxation of ideological warfare.

Most commentators on Communist Russia have learned to invoke a willing suspension of prophecy. Events of the last several years have underlined Winston Churchill's insistence about the mystery of the Kremlin. Although the most recent upheaval would suggest that international tensions can be more readily eased, that some real progress may be possible on such urgent questions as disarmament and inspection, the optimism it arouses is cautious and measured.

REPORT ON THE TEENAGERS

A RECENT report on an inquiry into what teenagers think of themselves has already aroused consternation among some of its readers. More alarms and warnings are sure to follow. *The American Teenager* is based upon a scientific inquiry conducted by social scientists at Purdue University. Their reports, based upon responses from a representative group of teenagers, include the following:

Forty-nine per cent of the teenagers believe that large masses of people are incapable of determining what is and what is not good for them.

More than a fourth think in some cases the police should be allowed to search a person or his home without a warrant.

Thirty-three per cent say people who refuse to testify against themselves should be made to talk or should be severely punished.

That such responses can be given by the teenagers is not a cause for rejoicing. But neither does it indicate that democracy or our country is soft or undermined. Democracy has proved strong in the face of greater threats and has absorbed more severe challenges. It often seems much like the bumblebee whose wings, it has often been proved, are too small to support its huge body. Both do very well in spite of logically devastating criticism. Democracy is big enough to accommodate the teenagers—and great enough to extend their appreciation of personal abilities and individual rights.

STEEL PRICES UP

THERE HAS BEEN a great deal of debate over the recent decision by the steel industry to raise the price of steel. The crucial role of steel in our economy makes it just about inevitable that increased steel costs will be reflected in correspondingly higher prices in other areas of the economy, that these in turn will drive the cost of living still higher, that this will provoke demands for higher wages, and the nation will soon have completed another dizzy turn in the inflationary spiral.

Spokesmen for the steel companies insist that their own higher costs gave them no choice but to raise their prices. Labor leaders, among others, maintain that the price rise was unjustified, and offer their own figures to refute those put forward by the steel companies. Whatever the facts may be in this case, they are less important than the principle now made superabundantly clear: inflation cannot be checked without some sort of over-all governmental framework.

Just one day before the steel companies announced their price increase, President Eisenhower made another of his pleas that business and labor exercise responsibility and restraint, that they show their patriotism by holding the line against inflation. The President's plea was answered much as his previous pleas were answered. Within twenty-four hours the steel companies announced their six dollar a ton increase. A number of editorial writers have since chided the leaders of the steel industry for not taking advantage of their opportunity to place the national welfare above individual gain and maintain their prices even if it meant a reduction in profits. However, say these commentators, further inflation can be prevented if labor will exercise some of the altruism the steel men scorned, and refrain from asking for a wage increase when the cost of living index makes its inevitable climb.

This appeal to unselfishness on the part of either industry or labor is grotesquely unrealistic. Our economy is based on competition and the profit motive, and to ask any individual, or group of individuals, to renounce profit in favor of the general good, no matter how rich those not similarly high-minded might become, is clearly to ask the impossible.

The Administration's request for such "responsibility" from the private citizen is unfair, even were it likely to meet with any success, and amounts to an attempt to evade its own responsibility. Inflation can be stopped only by an inclusive governmental program—even the dread word "controls"—which will meet inflationary pressures fairly and uniformly throughout the economy. The Administration's public washing of hands will not alter the hard fact that the fight against inflation cannot be left to private citizens. Responsibility, we might suggest, begins at home.

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Asia and the Future

"WHAT WE ARE WITNESSING IS A DRAMATIC MOMENT IN THE FINAL STAGES OF THE INDUSTRIALIZATION OF THE WORLD"

C. K. YEARLEY, JR.

THE ERA when half the human race was largely excluded from our diplomatic calculations ended in this decade with the triumph of nationalism in Asia. No longer wards of Europe or the tractable objects of American patronage and prayer, Asians have fashioned nation states which the world revolution constrains us to treat—in the classic manner—as allies, neutrals, or enemies. In turn the response of these new nations to American diplomacy and the Cold War has naturally varied according to their cultures and circumstances. A reconstituted Japan and five other new states have thus chosen alliance with the United States; India and four others, whatever we may guess about the nature of their predilections, expound neutralism; Red China and two neighbors, encouraged by the Soviet Union, manifest truculence and hostility. Yet irrespective of the political orientation of these Far Eastern countries, their total impact even on the present bi-polar power system is beginning to be substantial.

Moreover, the nationalist zeal so recently dedicated to the battles of national liberation in Asia is rapidly being channeled into the exploitation of resources and the development of industrial establishments. This fact adds tremendous new variables to the global balance of power.

Over the course of the next generation it is the industrial reconstruction of Japan, and the basic industrialization of Red China and India that will register most emphatically on the balance of power. All of the states of Asia may desire the fruits of technology, but these states alone possess the essential technical potential that can transform desire into reality. Of course, the smaller states cannot be dismissed arbitrarily. But barring an all-out war or other extraordinary occurrence, such countries internationally and regionally are of secondary importance. Of the three relatively strong Asian states, moreover, China and India, powerwise, represent the greatest long range variables. Japan, still Asia's most formidable industrial nation, is much more of a known quantity. Her industrialization has been underway for over seventy years; her economy is "mature"; her capacities and problems are more easily determined, and within the foreseeable future she will doubtless continue to find herself tied militarily and economically to the United States. The two new states, therefore, with nearly half of the world's population, are becoming the centers of Asian industrialization.

The separate industrial revolutions in Red China and India are obviously being erected on different foundations and will probably continue to be shaped by distinctive architects. Nevertheless, a few general observations appear applicable to both movements. The prodigious efforts of both the Red Chinese and Indian governments to lift their peoples by the bootstraps mean first of all that for many years their enormous energies will be directed inward. India must already postpone even her pettiest quarrels with neighbors lest she dissipate her strength. China, scorched when she mistakenly reached for an easy kill in Korea, assuredly knows that for a long time to come the cost of armed expansion is ruin. Whatever the ultimate objectives of either nation—and Red China's objectives we may with justice suspect—the consolidation of independence and the implementation of national power demand the identical things: peace, internal stability, capital, the accumulation of technical knowledge, and several decades of time.

WE MAY anticipate also, on the basis of the experience of other industrial states, that certain common developments will tend to be reflected in the foreign policies of these two nations. These developments are: the creation of pluralistic societies geared to rapid change rather than tradition or fixed status; the growth of new classes, especially an articulate middle class; the rise of strategic new urban-industrial complexes like those taking shape in north and northwest China or being planned for the vast underpopulated regions of India; the subordination of modern technology to older, less dynamic systems of government; the extension of collectivism; and, as

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industrial indices climb, the voicing of a nationalism that is less reticent about expressing itself through forceful expansionism.

From global perspectives there is no question that Red China, India, and Japan can substantially modify the West's technical and military power before the end of this century. China and India alone are starting their industrialization with fewer handicaps than faced post-Meiji Japan, yet we are reminded that the Japanese, despite a narrow base of resources and the toll of three wars, increased their national product tenfold in sixty years. Small wonder that tentative projections of Chinese and Indian capacities are cast in terms of Soviet or American production levels.

These considerations necessarily give us pause. However, they should also invite a few qualifications. The chance of these states operating against the West as an Asian bloc or of joining Moscow in a body is virtually nil. In this sense the "yellow peril" remains a figment of the imagination. During the past, in fact, both nationalism and industrialization have not only failed to sharpen peoples' awareness of their interdependence but have actually strengthened their particularism. Most probably, Far Eastern countries too will tend to develop in the same way. Furthermore, while our industrial monopoly without question is broken—not, to be sure, by a sinister enemy but by the nature of culture itself—our technical predominance, given the unity of the West, is reasonably assured for several generations, perhaps longer. Thus our experts, who are quite conscious of the imponderables, estimate that neither China nor India can attain the 1952 American level of production within the next half century, though conceivably the 1952 Soviet level might be reached in about thirty years. Even at the conclusion of the present five year plans, Chinese steel production will amount to only three or four per cent of our own, and India's may well be less. Regardless of the caliber of their leadership, both nations for at least two more decades will remain overwhelmingly extractive and agricultural economies which when compared to the great economies of the West, or the offensive military potential of the West, must appear relatively weak.

IF WE cannot divorce China and India from these global comparisons, neither can we ignore them in their special Asian context. The Far East is through being the backyard of European politics; it warrants rank as a major theater of power adjustments. When seen in this frame of reference, one suspects that it is the differences rather than the similarities between Red China and India that will concern American policymakers in the Far East. For the power and prestige of these countries, offensively weak though they may be by American or Soviet standards, is enormous in other parts of Asia, Africa, and the Middle East. Each is on exhibition before the world as an unprecedented experiment. Their individual success or failure in utilizing modern technology, extending national power, and raising standards of living will surely cause them to react upon one another and influence hundreds of millions of their neighbors living in technically backward lands. As they develop amid a Soviet-American military stalemate, their examples will elevate ideology to a new position of importance in international affairs.

Superficially, the future approach of the United States to either of these potential Asian giants may seem predetermined by circumstance: China, a citadel of Marxism, is evidently hostile towards us, hence must be contained with atomic weapons and treated as a pariah among nations; India is neither flesh nor fowl, is deluded by neutralism and therefore prevents our swift solution of the world's troubles. There is a modicum of truth to these popular concepts, of course, and there is much that is persuasive about their oversimplifications. Nonetheless, their uncritical acceptance could stultify our diplomacy and ultimately injure our best interests by sacrificing attention to the deep, long range trends to exigencies of the moment.

American policies in respect to Red China, for instance, while perhaps of questionable wisdom, are understandable reactions to our past experience and expectations. China, historically, has for many reasons enchanted us. About a century ago we innocently began to speak out in behalf of the "open door"; subsequently, half a century later, we undertook to secure China's territorial and administrative integrity; and finally during World War II we sought to put new flesh on the skeleton of an old dream—a Chinese state that was at once a bastion of American good-will in Asia and a counterpoise to the ambitions of Russia and Japan. Unfortunately for us, while we cast ourselves in the role of midwife, the nation whose delivery we hoped to facilitate emerged an anti-American, pro-Soviet, Marxist monstrosity. Enchantment gave way to recrimination and despair and a revamping of our Pacific policies became inevitable. Since 1951, in fact, events have revealed that there are three things we cannot expect from the Red regime: its collapse, friendship, or surrender of Marxist dogmas. Nevertheless, negativism born of the past will not answer our future problems. The new China is the land of the dynamo as well as the lotus and she moves swiftly toward great power status; she is a fact with which we must grapple.

Morally, of course, we abhor Red China's existence. Politically we cavil at the prospect of her yoking modern technology to oriental despotism. Militarily we fear the possible union of her manpower with Soviet industry. But our primary diplomatic mission is the peaceful containment of the Soviets and a delimitation

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of their sphere of influence, and in this task, heretical as it may seem, a strong China that we dislike might conceivably prove more valuable to us than a frail China with which we sympathize. For historically Russia has attempted realization of her manifest destiny in Asia at China's expense and hitherto there has been no robust Chinese state, only imperialists-in-China, to thwart her. This has changed. Now Chinese nationalism, accentuated and reinforced by a broadening industrial revolution, even though it marches under a Red banner, interposes a rising barrier to Soviet ambitions. Mao Tse-tung, to be sure, is not a Tito and the Sino-Soviet pact is for us a sobering reality; but it is increasingly evident that Mao is not by any stretch of the imagination a puppet of Moscow. Intellectually he has carried off the leadership of world Marxism; diplomatically he has won important concessions from the Soviets in half a dozen areas upon which Russia has applied pressure for decades. If we are wise we might discover a certain tactical advantage, as well as manifest disadvantages, inherent in the new situation.

So long as we are prepared to use China's need for capital, recognition, peace, and time as instruments of negotiation, so long as we are prepared to meet her armed aggressions with commensurate force, the situation in Asia may assume greater stability as a result of her statehood. To an insecure Russia she offers security against America and Japan; to the United States her growing industrial strength encourages the belief that she will block direct extensions of the Soviet Union along the Pacific littoral or into Southeast Asia.

WITHOUT MINIMIZING the significance of Red China, however, it is probable that if the present alignment of powers endures, India will become the deciding force in the future Asian balance of power. Officially, Nehru's policies have been aimed at inducing a calmer international climate in which India could remain detached from any coalition of powers, hence free to produce that "stream of wealth" so desperately needed. Taken as a whole these policies have been described by the term "neutralism." It is unfortunate, however, that Americans generally have

accepted this word so uncritically, for regardless of what Nehru's government wishes, the fact is that India, except in the narrowest and most formal sense, cannot in the broad view of things be neutral. The reason lies mainly with India's values. Though of various origins, they are more congenial to the values of the West than to those of Red China. They include, for example, a belief in representative and parliamentary government, an acceptance of genuine political democracy, an attachment to the liberal faith in man, a broad eclectic tolerance, and the intellectual and spiritual dignity of the individual. And perhaps it is also worth noting that these values include recognition of the merits of both economic planning and free private enterprise.

The existence of these ideas among an Asian people who have fought the anti-colonial battle and are above suspicion among their neighbors, as Americans and Russians can never be, may prove one of the more important facts of the century. Like Red China and her values, India is on display. Without arrogance or bellicosity, without police-state tactics or ruthless collectivization, her leaders have instituted their agricultural and industrial revolution not through sweeping totalitarian edicts but by a tolerant process of evolution-in-a-hurry. To date, liberty in their hands has survived that harsh expediency which in other places has been the by-product of terrible want. Thus India quietly offers her fellow Asians a real ideological choice between two Asian systems. Insofar as she does so, we must surely recognize her service, unconscious as it may be, to our cause. She is both an interpreter and an honest broker for the best ideas of the West. Equally as vital, she generates the kind of ideological competition against Communism that we desperately feel the need of but are largely incapable of developing.

An understanding of India's role in the East will certainly cause the emphasis which our diplomacy has placed on short-term military aid programs, like those involving SEATO powers, to shift to longer range economic and technical assistance programs, thus far relatively starved by budgetary and political necessities. Contributions which the West can make to the progress of the Indian economic revolution, without embarrassing or committing the Indians in the process, could have profound effects on the balance of power if only through insuring the longevity of our values in the Far East and Southeast Asia. The importance of this hardly needs to be stressed when half the population of the globe is determining its future relationships between man, the machine, and the state.

THE FULL implications of Asia's, especially of China's and India's, rising technical and military power are not foreseeable. What we are witnessing in

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general, however, is a dramatic moment in the final stages of the industrialization of the world. Power is not really shifting to the East, it is being created there. As the West enters the age of the atom and automation, the masses of Asians are casting off their equivalents of feudalism and the thralldom of a medieval technology that lagged half a millenium behind our own. Although the gap is still very great, we may now anticipate that it will be substantially narrowed in the relatively brief span of the next fifty years, so much so that differences between Eastern and Western economies are more likely to be measured in decades than in centuries. Just as the names of Tokyo, Kobe, Nagasaki, and Osaka have taken their places with the names of Western industrial centers, so too An-shan will stand with Pittsburgh, Mukden with Manchester, and the Damodar Valley project with TVA. This is the kind of phenomenon that long ago led such diverse personalities as Lenin and Douglas MacArthur to urge upon their people a more adequate understanding of Asia's role in the coming generations.

The trends across the Pacific are beyond our full control, though partially susceptible to modifying pressures and influences. They will certanly in some respects prove mixed blessings. For while the rise of strong sovereign states, technically and militarily proficient, may resolve a particular culture's age-old ills, end anti-colonial warfare, raise standards of living, and momentarily contribute to regional stability and a return to a multiple balance of power, such development has previously brought forth a host of international problems as well as perpetual challengers of the extant power system. There is no guarantee that new nations, and one thinks especially of Red China, will prove more mature in their political uses of modern technology than Western nations; if they are just a little less mature than we in the West have been, the future is indeed bleak.

In any case, we would be wise to break the stereotypes of the East as patient, pessimistic, contemplative and otherworldly, and see it as it is becoming—dynamic, assertive, impatient, and hopeful. For whether we accommodate ourselves to the vast changes in Asia or not, we will undoubtedly be caught up in them.

AGRICULTURAL WORKERS

Frustration on the Farm

JOHN C. CORT

THE ONLY TIME I ever saw Ernesto Galarza was at the Catholic Social Action Conference last year in New Orleans. Between the acts, that is. He was not on the program, although he should have been. A few of the delegates were suffering from the delusion that we have conquered poverty in this country and cut off its head. Mr. Galarza could have told them a few things about poverty, and a few more about social injustice.

A dark, intense man of medium age and height, he talked well and with a good sense of humor. He needed it. His union, the National Agricultural Workers, AFL-CIO, of which he is secretary, had just been given the business by the official labor movement of Louisiana. The AFL-CIO hierarchy down there had made a back-door deal with the big plantation owners, without consulting Mr. Galarza and his people, whereby the state's "right-to-work" law would be repealed for every class of labor *except* farm labor.

In other words, Ernesto Galarza and friends were the lambs who would be thrown to the wolves. And they were. An appeal to George Meany and the AFL-CIO executive council fell on indifferent ears. Where Walter Reuther and all the liberals from the CIO were at this time is something of a mystery.

At any rate, the last I knew, the Agricultural Workers were so broke that they were having trouble paying Galarza and other staff members their salaries. And they were so discouraged that I would not have been surprised if they had folded up entirely.

I should have been able to figure out that Galarza was not the type to give up so easily. Easily? That isn't quite the word. Facing the difficulties and roadblocks he has faced, he could have been excused for quitting years ago and still kept his reputation as a brave and persistent fighter.

Farm labor in this country, by grace of Congress, has never been covered by those federal laws that protect the right of industrial workers. Chief among these, of course, is the right to organize in unions of their own choosing. In addition, the government has made things a little tougher by importing Mexican and

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Japanese farm workers to work for seventy and eighty cents an hour—out of which, of course, come substantial deductions for food, insurance, etc. And then there are the "wetbacks," who sneak across the Mexican border and work for even less money than the official migrants.

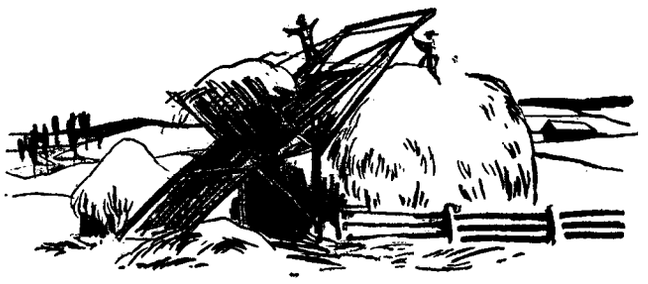
This thing has followed a pattern. The Agricultural Workers would organize a big factory-in-the-field, with as many as two thousand employees, as at the giant DiGiorgio "ranch" in California. The only way to get recognition was to strike for it, since there was no machinery whereby the workers could express their choice in a fair election. And of course the corporation would not recognize the union of its own accord. So the workers struck and the owners quietly went about hiring strikebreakers and very efficiently breaking the strike.

Such has been the history, by and large, of the Agricultural Workers Union. If the union did win a contract here and there, it had to keep up a constant struggle to maintain its members because of the high turnover in this seasonal industry and because most of the agricultural states forbid the union shop as a violation of the sacred "right to work."

This legislative policy toward the farm worker was candidly expressed by Vice President Nixon when he was a Congressman from California. He said then, "Agricultural labor has been exempted from all labor relations legislation ever written. The evidence . . . shows that it would be harmful to the public interest . . . to legislate otherwise."

THE EVIDENCE? What evidence? Well, if you put it up to me I wouldn't have the facts and figures to refute this statement, even though I might feel very strongly that it was a lot of nonsense. And who would? Practically nobody in this country, except Galarza and the Agricultural Workers Union, seems to give a good old-fashioned damn about the poor devils who work on these big commercial farms. After all, there are only about five hundred thousand of them.

And so, after not hearing anything about Ernesto Galarza and his union for nearly a year, it was something of a thrill the other day to get a release from the union's headquarters in Washington proving that both the union and Galarza were still in action.



The release was devoted to a statement made by Mr. Galarza to a subcommittee of the U.S. Congress which was recently holding hearings in New Orleans on the minimum-wage law. He was maintaining that the employees of Class I farms (those that sell more than $25,000 worth of produce annually) should be covered by the federal law that requires payment of $1 an hour. And, as usual, he had the facts and the figures, and the eloquence. I liked this bit:

"In 1946 agricultural hourly rates were forty-six per cent of those in factories. Today they stand at something like thirty-five per cent. In Denmark the ratio recently stood at eighty-four per cent. Clearly, there is something healthier in the state of Denmark which we in the United States ought to look into."

In 1954 those farm workers "who worked two hundred and fifty days or more received an average income of $1800. Those who worked between twenty-five days and one hundred and fifty days received an average income of $600: The average daily pay was $5.65. Only thirty per cent of the male workers engaged chiefly in farm labor earned $2,000 or more for the year."

Galarza pointed out the main reason this situation has been permitted to continue. The big corporation farmers have been able to retain the support of the small family farmer in their efforts to keep farm labor exempt from any and all laws which would protect their wages, working conditions, and right to join trade unions. But actually, the small family farmer is being played for a chump. The fact is that he is being slowly pushed to the wall by the big factories-in-the-field. Every year 120,000 families are giving it up. In 1940 our farm population was 30,000,000. Today it is 23,000,000.

And one big reason is that the corporation farmer can hire a hand for $5.65 a day to do the work that the family farmer and his sons have to do themselves. Is the point clear? The family farmer's labor is certainly worth a lot more than $5.65. But by permitting his big competitor to pay peanuts to a hired hand for the same labor, the family farmer makes it possible for Mr. Big to sell his stuff at a lower price. Thereby forcing Mr. Little out of business.

The Agricultural Workers suggest that the minimum wage of $1 be extended to the five hundred thousand employees of the Mr. Bigs, the operators of Class I farms. And why not? Why should a factory be exempt from the law just because it happens to be an open-air factory? In the right kind of weather it might be pleasanter to work outdoors. In the wrong kind, as in these summer dog-days, it could be a whole lot worse. It could be hell.

In discussing the plight of the family farmer, who is

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allowing himself to be conned and skinned by the big operators, Galarza made some remarks that are a moving commentary not only on the family farmer but indirectly on the migrant farm laborers, the Agricultural workers, and the brave spirit of Ernesto Galarza himself:

"A man can suffer defeat and remain a man when he knows what he was up against and how he was beaten. But when a man is beaten by forces he can barely see and whose relations he can hardly guess, he suffers not only defeat but frustration. These two in combination eventually crack or break what is most essential to his spirit—intelligence, determination and hope.

"This is the American farmer who leaves his land—a man beaten as well as frustrated. He was up against more than the lack of machinery and the lack of enough good land to expand over, as the Department of Agriculture has recently reported. He was up against the Class I farm corporation which has laid claim, with the approval of Congress, to the great American tradition of the soil."

Those who wish to read the whole statement, which runs to nine pages, should write to the National Agricultural Workers Union, AFL-CIO, 2140 P Street N.W., Washington 7, D.C. And while they're at it, they might just slip something in the envelope to help pay those salaries. These men deserve a hand.

WHAT IS A LAYMAN?

Theology of the Laity

ELMER O'BRIEN

THE BEST BOOK ever written on the rôle of the laity in the Church has now been made available in an English version. (*Lay People in the Church*. By Yves M. J. Congar, O. P. Newman. $6.75.) A ringing of bells, the making of speeches, some circumspect dancing in the streets would seem to be called for: it is that kind of occasion.

Father Congar is admittedly the grand *doyen* in this area of theology, and just about everything that has been written on the subject these last years has, in one fashion or another, been tributary of him. But, as is the way with tributaries (there is some sort of physical law involved here), none of them could continue long upon the high level of their source. Nor did they. So general satisfaction should be felt that we finally have, relatively complete and in adequate English, the ample origin of it all. It is work of genuine theological greatness; there is nothing piddling about either its achievements or—it would seem—its defects.

What most immediately strikes and warms the heart is the manifest effort throughout to deal *affirmatively* with the subject, a method that is not so usual as one might be inclined to think, nor, for the theologian who tries it these days, easily achieved. Indeed, for Father Congar it must have been doubly difficult, for reasons which will appear in a moment.

If you look up "Layman" in the solitary Catholic theological encyclopedia which so much as lists it, you will find only the curt admonition, "*See*: Clergy." Yet the *Kirchenlexikon* of Wetzer and Welte, to which I am referring, succeeded rather better than it knew away back there at the end of the nineteenth century. With those three words it managed inadvertently to transcribe the basic theological attitude not only of its own day but of our day and of every day in between to the question of the lay state. The constantly mounting volume of writing about the laity has been compiled, since then, in complete unconscious accord with the brusque directive of Wetzer-Welte. Layman? See "Clergy." The result is not without fascination for the historian of theological method but it is otherwise of no especial worth: a sort of "negative theology" of the layman, a minor and misplaced instance of that apophaticism dear to the hearts of Oriental theologians when they, however, would talk of God.

FATHER CONGAR breaks with this limited view. But not in the way one would expect. Or hope. To his way of thinking, obviously, you cannot truly arrive at what is to be known of the nature of the layman in simply following the admonition, "*See*: Clergy." He makes a case for, and also follows himself, a further admonition, "*See*: Monk." The layman is a person who is not two other things; he is not a cleric nor is he a monk.

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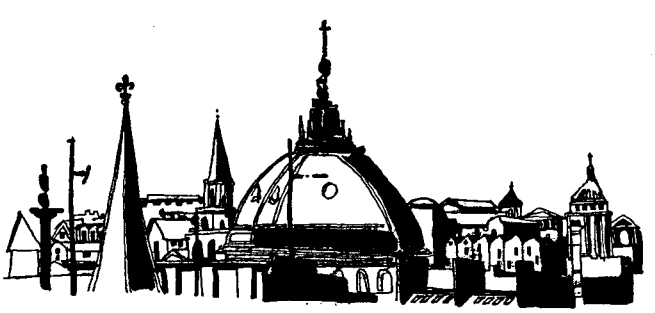
If this does not seem overly promising or helpful (as, indeed, it is not), one should not forget that this is Father Congar, a man of infinite resource, who manages to contribute more than his share of positive insights despite the infelicitousness of his initial postulates and the unsatisfactoriness of the conclusions which, with true Gallic logic, he derives from them. But he has made a difficult task more difficult still and, what is the greater pity, circumscribed from the outset its success.

To summarize *Lay People in the Church* is not easy. At least it is not easy, probably not even possible, to summarize it in a fashion that will really capture and convey something of its high quality and thus have people rushing off to buy it, which is the end I wish to serve. As Bishop Dwyer says in his urbane and perceptive Foreword, it may well be that in "this admirably discursive book" of Congar "the threads of his discourse have not been drawn together tight enough." Paradox, therefore: the very factor (to wit, the lack of complete logical coherence) which makes it possible to contain so many good things make it impossible to give an adequate notion of these good things. But, however bungling, an attempt at synopsis must be made—all the more so since, before I have done, I should like to register a modest theological demur or two.

The Church's life, as any life, should grow within the setting and framework of its structure. And one should not venture to form a doctrine of life until a sound theology of structure has been worked out. There are two stages, therefore, in Congar's exposition. Part I is given over to questions of structure: Where, doctrinally, should a theology of the laity fit in? What is the place of the laity itself in God's design? Part II is devoted to the analysis of "life" in terms of "structure." The whole is prefaced by a chapter on the notion of "layman" and rounded off with a chapter on the spirituality of the layman.

With the initial consideration, the place of a theology of the laity, there comes promptly to the fore a distinction long favored by the author and of which he makes much throughout the succeeding chapters of the book. The Church has a double aspect. It is a community of persons, and under this aspect it is "made by its members." It is also an institution (that is, the aggregate of means which Christ instituted to make men a community of the faithful), and under this aspect it "precedes its members and makes them." Catholic tradition has always held both aspects together. The Protestant reformers, their way prepared for them by the Gallicanism of the fourteenth century, exaggerated the first aspect, community, to the point of rejecting the second aspect, institution. It was during this time, from the fourteenth century on, and under these stresses that theologians first undertook to write specific treatises on the nature of the Church.



It was all but inevitable that their work would be characterized by a certain one-sidedness and, I suppose, given the sclerosis that has a way of overtaking theological effort early, it was just as inevitable that the treatise on the Church would thereafter continue to be a sort of "hierarchology." Such one-sidedness, says Father Congar, was infinitely better than the errors to which it was the reaction. Yet its importance, doctrinally and pastorally, was and is considerable because there is "a danger of the laity being regarded as simply an accident, an appendage of the Church," necessary at most to its well-being.

A theology of the laity finds its place accordingly in an integral theology of the Church which gives full value, explicitly, to both aspects.

NOW SUCH A theology of the Church, Father Congar has always insisted, we do not as yet possess, and he has been promising for some years now to put one together. Of that eventual synthesis bits and pieces are to be found in the pages of *Lay People*. And just about everywhere throughout the book it is presupposed. The consequence is a situation which does not make for easy reading and (to the extent that that is ever possible) pretty much stops the mouth of the prospective critic. For the principle of unity which holds these middle chapters of the book together is something outside the book, something as yet unwritten, something that is probably no more at the moment than an intention of Father Congar's; in any case, something unknown to reader and possible critic.

One finds oneself wishing, with part of one's mind, that this volume and the preceding one upon Church reform (both, Father Congar has made it appear, corollaries to his theory of the Church) had been postponed until he had realized and published the promised, basic treatise. "With part of one's mind," I say, because all the rest of one's mind, and the major part at that, rejoices rather foolishly in so many things here that *seem* so very good, even though, or probably because, they appear to agree but poorly with his explicit initial statements about what a layman is.

In determining what the position of the laity is in

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the Church Father Congar refers immediately to God's cosmic design of bringing mankind into the fellowship of His own life. God achieves His end in two stages: with the triumph of the Cross Christ effected salvation; with His second coming He will bestow its fruits. Between these two stages, after the coming of salvation and before the coming of glory, there is "the time of the Church," which provides the opportunity for that "which has been gained once for all by One for all to be earned through grace by all." During this "space-between" there is a duality of Church and World because of the limitations which Christ has put upon the exercise of His power and the twofold participation He has accorded to a spiritual and temporal authority, each of which has a relation to the one final term, the Kingdom. In the achieving of the Kingdom there is a mediational function properly of hierarchy and of laity in accord with the participation of each in Christ's messianic energies: "of the hierarchy, in order to constitute a faithful people by use of means of grace that are bound up with the Lord's Pasch; and of the whole body in respect of the world, in order to make of all a sacrifice of praise and temple of God." Such a statement as this, if I understand it aright, would seem to give the desirable *coup de grâce* to the author's explicit notion of "layman." But, somehow, it does not in reality. "The threads of his discourse have not been drawn together tight enough . . ."

THERE THEN follows the second and by far the larger part of the book, devoted to the "life" of the Church and the layman's participation in it. Following a division which he is the first to admit is not altogether satisfactory, Father Congar considers in turn the life of the Church as acts of Christ (priestly, kingly, prophetic), as community, as apostolic mission. The entire section is compounded in almost equal measure of positively brilliant things and of things which are, shall we say, somewhat less so. To take but two characteristic instances, one rejoices to see the author extend (as doctrinally one must) the ambit of the laity's exercise of its priestly function to other areas of Christian living beyond mere assistance at the Eucharist. And one is saddened at his limiting priesthood to the competency of offering sacrifice despite the contrary data—quite overwhelming, one would think—from Scripture, Tradition, and St. Thomas, most of which he faithfully records; one of the less pretty consequences of this arbitrary limitation is that the distinction between the priesthood of the baptized-confirmed and that of the ordained is made to appear very tenuous indeed.

But, for the reason I have already indicated, the interpreter is on very unsure ground when he attempts to evaluate in detail these middle chapters. On the other hand, however, Father Congar has chosen to preface his entire exposition with this notion of the layman and to draw his final conclusions chiefly in terms of that notion. To it accordingly one must return as to the operative idea that is meant to dominate the entire discourse.

Father Congar begins with his own, dual essay in the *theologia negativa:* the layman is one who is not a cleric if you consider functions, who is not a monk if you consider states of life. Thus, in contrast to the cleric he has "no competence, or only a limited competence, touching the properly ecclesial means to life in Christ." This is not altogether happy. The grounds of the distinction cannot be that the layman has *no* competence herein, because that he is so impoverished is simply untrue. And it cannot be that he has only a *limited* competence because then it would be a distinction not of kind but merely of degree, which is also untrue. The manner of distinguishing layman and monk seems equally arbitrary and, in one respect at least, even more objectionable. In contrast to the monk, the layman does not "live exclusively for heavenly things," or, put the other way around, "the monk or nun is simply a Christian who concentrates to the utmost on the one thing necessary."

Is it good theology (or, if that seems too academic and fusty a question, does it accord with pastoral experience) to say that the layman is one who does *not* concentrate to the utmost on the one thing necessary? Yet this, it so happens, is the basic distinction which, for Father Congar, properly situates the layman in contrast to both cleric and monk: the Church "has to have some members who are directly and exclusively dedicated to the work of God's kingdom, and for that purpose are dispensed from the world's work: such are monks and priests." One thinks of St. Paul weaving his baskets, the Trappists making their cheese, the Trappistines their chocolates. Would it be too harsh to say that the author's monks and clerics—yes, and laymen too—are mental constructs without, as the Schoolmen put it, foundation in reality? The two positive characterizations of the layman that Father Congar provides almost impel one to say so.

In the first instance we are told that the layman is a Christian "in the world, there to do God's work in so far as it must be done in and through the work of the world." It is impossible to discover where this concept is verified except in a further abstraction—that of the author's "profane." And this, the profane, is an abstraction twice over; it is a world with nothing but its own time-encompassd finality, and a world without any present sacral existence. That it is in just such an abstraction of an abstraction that the idea of the layman is verified, the second characterization makes moderately clear: the layman is one "for whom, through the very work which God has entrusted to

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him, the substance of things in themselves is real and interesting" in contrast to the cleric (or, much more, the monk) "for whom things are not interesting in themselves but for something other than themselves, namely their relation to God."

St. Thomas' familiar distinction between *philosophus* and *fidelis* has here, I am afraid, been made to do poor service. This dichotomy (in the abstract) of the areas in which layman and cleric-monk are (in the concrete) presumed to comport themselves offers us, as something in the very nature of things, a split personality in the Church. Indeed, such a doctrine has, under the most excellent literary auspices, introduced that sort of split in at least certain geographic areas of the Church; France, for instance, immediately comes to mind.

PROBABLY the greatest single merit of Father Congar, in contrast to most others who have written recently upon the subject, is his insistence that a total doctrine of the Church is indispensable for the proper situation of the doctrine of the layman in the Church. He is less happy, because of the semantic tangle of "layman-cleric-monk" which captures him early, in what he emphasizes. It would have been better to have assigned primacy of place to that long tradition, from *Ephesians* to the most recent Papal pronouncements, of the Church as a mediational body diversified in its sacral functioning and to have accorded it, at every stage of speculative development, its full *positive* significance.

For the Church is the *laos* of God, and all of us, theologically, are "laymen" with capacities and commitments for a world to be redeemed. Between layman and cleric (as, say, between "man" and "surgeon") the distinction is real but inadequate, for the cleric is, when finally ordained, still a member of the *laos* but with something further added to his sacral capacities. Something added, not something substituted. Ordination is not a surrogate of baptism-confirmation. It does not constitute a basically different way to God. Much less does it constitute a direct way while the unordained takes the long way round because God wishes him (for reasons that are none too clear) to take care of the world's business.

If one wished to speak of two ways to God, it would have initially to be done in terms of the celibate state and the married state. Father Congar, as so many others, seems to feel most of the time that all lay people are people who get married and all clerics are people who don't—a very limited and foreshortened view for, to speak only of clerics, a celibate clergy is a present-day phenomenon of the Roman rite (dating from well along in our second millenium) and there is more to the Church than the Roman rite. To conclude the nature of things from a comparatively recent piece of legislation that is deliberately limited in its application is not the way to write theology. It is not of the essence of the Church's clergy that they be single nor is it of the essence of the Church's laity that they be wed and it is rather foolish to frame one's theological structure as though it were.

Basic in the spiritual tradition of the Church are the two ways, deliberately chosen celibacy or deliberately chosen matrimony. And that choice does appear to result in the first fundamental difference, theologically (though not necessarily temporarily) prior even to that of cleric and lay, two states of life specified by one's relation, precisely as member of either state, to God; that is, according as one's dedication to Him is immediate, as in celibacy, or mediate, as in marriage (wherein one distinctively "loves" God—transcends oneself, gives oneself to God—in the person of the partner to the marriage who in place of God, sacramentally, accepts and seals and renders irrevocable that dedication).

THE MIND toys, not unpleasantly, with the thought of the integrated and cohesive theological structure which might be erected upon such a basis as this and in which, at long last, the nature and the rôle of the "layman" would become clearly perceptible: the sacral and mediational structure and function of the *laos* initially differentiated according to one's free choice under grace of one's way to God (either celibate or conjugal) and then further differentiated insofar as the person acquires additional sacral capacities or not. There then could be in theologically realistic terms a consideration of these lives, lives always in the Church which is the leaven of the parable, lives always in the world which is a world to be redeemed.

Father Congar was speaking with his accustomed acumen when he said that life should be controlled by structure and that in consequence any doctrinal consideration of the life of the laity in the Church should be prefaced by the plotting out of the structure. There, in the structure, is the chief weakness of this quite tremendous effort to erect, in positive terms, a theology of the lay state.

And yet, and yet. . . . Perhaps it were better to take the man simply at his word. Many, impressed by the bulk of the book and the brilliance of its author, have hailed it as a veritable *Summa* of the lay state. But he entitled the original, *Jalons pour une théologie du laicat*—"Pegs for a Theology of the Laity," a figure, if you please, taken from surveying. He pretended to nothing more than to plot out the area. Maybe some of the pegs should have been placed so as to enclose a larger territory. There is a whole field, I think, of traditional doctrine that has been left out.

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THE SCREEN

WHAT ARE HEROES, PROPHETS, MEN?

THE WORDS "epic" and "colossal" were used so loosely and often by Hollywood in the old days that they fell into disfavor and almost lost their meaning. Now they have to be resurrected to describe "The Pride and the Passion," Stanley Kramer's elaborate production set in 1810 Spain when Napoleon's troops were overrunning the country. Not that its two heroes, an English captain and a Spanish guerrilla leader, are particularly heroic in epic proportions, but its main character, a powerful and awe-inspiring cannon, and its main theme, the carrying of that cannon across French-held plains, mountains and rivers to storm the walls of Avila, are handled on a grand scale. Beautifully photographed in Spain by Franz Planer, who used Technicolor and VistaVision effectively to show off the country's scenery and architecture, the film is truly colossal with thousands of Spanish "extras" portraying the French army as well as the Spaniards—soldiers, peasants and guerrillas—who push the three-ton cannon up mountains, float it across rivers and drag it through mud.

One great advantage that "The Pride and the Passion" has over most epic films is its unity of theme; all action revolves around the gun, the symbol of men fighting for what they believe in. The English captain, skillfully played by Cary Grant, is a trained soldier, an authority on ordnance who has been commanded by his commodore to rescue the giant cannon, which was jettisoned by the fleeing Spanish army, and deliver it to a British warship. The guerrilla leader, colorfully played by Frank Sinatra, is an uneducated, undisciplined patriot determined to deliver his hometown, Avila, from the occupying French. Again and again the two men are contrasted: the smart, immaculately-dressed, cold but sentimental English officer versus the emotional, cruel, provincial Spaniard. Each has his big moments: the Englishman muddies his clothes as he assembles the broken cannon and directs its perilous journey, blows up a bridge and even eloquently pleads with the Bishop at the Escorial that the cannon be hidden in the cathedral; with less eloquence but with greater passion, the guerrilla leader persuades a group of townsfolk to help drag the cannon out of the river and he effectively commands the peasants who work under him in the long march to Avila.

Starting with Sinatra but drifting back and forth between him and Grant is a Spanish woman who has joined the guerrillas to help rid her country of the invaders who killed her father and brother; the role is played by Sophia Loren, whose performance doesn't add up to much but whose beauty seems to inspire the two men to greater efforts. Although disdainful of Grant at first, like the other Spaniards who sneer at his slick uniform and correct military manners, she is won to him by his hard work on the march and his offer of marriage and a castle in England, while Sinatra offers only the cause and Avila.

It is fortunate that producer-director Stanley Kramer stressed the visual aspects in telling his story. The script, written by Edna and Edward Anhalt and stemming from C. S. Forester's novel *The Gun,* is strangely ineffectual; and the dialogue, whether due to the actors' odd mixture of accents or to poor recording, does not come through well. The plot's argument is, therefore, difficult to follow at times; but Kramer has so directed the pictures that the visuals succeed in developing the themes with little help from the spoken word. Kramer's film is occasionally reminiscent of "For Whom the Bell Tolls," another movie in which a foreigner was involved in one particular objective in helping war-torn Spaniards; although the characters in the film made from the Hemingway novel were better drawn and motivated, "The Pride and the Passion" is far superior visually. In magnificent scenes, like those showing the Holy Week procession in the Escorial, the dragging of the cannon through a dangerous mountain pass, the storming of Avila's walls and the routing of the French, Kramer has used locale and crowds of people superbly, alternating the big panoramic canvas with telling close-ups that are right from Goya. Without minimizing the horrors of war, "The Pride and the Passion" is an epic sung in praise of the triumph of will over all obstacles.

IT IS DIFFICULT to figure out why producer-director Otto Preminger chose to film George Bernard Shaw's "Saint Joan." Perhaps after making money and controversy with such sensational movies as "The Moon Is Blue" and "The Man with the Golden Arm," he wanted to show he could do something of a classical nature completely without censorship problems. Joan is a good subject for cinema, but Shaw's thoughtful and often witty chronicle play, in six scenes and an epilogue, is not. Though brilliantly written, it is extremely talky; and once script-writer Graham Greene started cutting, as he had to do because of the play's length, and started adding scenes, as he had to do to lessen the static effects and make the movie move, he ran into trouble.

Preminger's film, trying to be faithful to Shaw, is jerky and episodic. Shaw's epilogue, which takes place twenty-five years after the burning and shows the various characters appearing to King Charles in a dream, works out well as a starting point. From it the other scenes evolve as flashbacks and present the

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main action and dialogue. Joan enlisting the aid of the squire at Vaucouleurs Castle in 1429; Joan coming to the Dauphin (Richard Widmark) at Chinon; Joan joining Dunois (Richard Todd) to lead the French against the English at Orleans; the crowning of the King at Rheims Cathedral and Joan's realization that she's no longer wanted; the meeting of Warwick, the English Chaplain de Stogumber and the French Bishop Cauchon (expertly played by John Gielgud, Harry Andrews and Anton Walbrook in Shaw's liveliest discussion of Protestantism and nationalism, which, alas, had to be cut considerably for the movie); then the trial scene, which is the film's best and most stirring, is followed by actual shots of the burning before the audience is returned to the epilogue, in which they learn that Joan has been rehabilitated.

Preminger's second mistake, after deciding to film Shaw's play, was in selecting an inexperienced, unknown, high school graduate, Jean Seburg, to play the difficult lead role. Miss Seburg is certainly the right age for Joan, but casting the part presents the same problems as casting Shakespeare's Juliet: both girls should look young, but they also need maturity and experience to handle the lines. In most of the scenes, the dialogue is completely beyond Miss Seburg; and her inadequacy is even more apparent when she is contrasted with this good cast (a cast that includes, besides those mentioned, Felix Aylmer as the Inquisitor, Barry Jones as de Courcelles, Finlay Currie as the Archbishop of Rheims, Bernard Miles as the Executioner, Kenneth Haigh as Brother Martin).

Strangely enough, Miss Seburg, who looks embarrassed in some of the episodes, is at her best in the trial scene. It is in this scene, expertly written by Shaw to show that both the Church and the trial itself were fair, that director Preminger shows himself at best too. Much of the movie is staged as if it were a high school pageant, but Preminger realizes the core of the play is in the trial, and he and his cast take full advantage of Shaw's dialogue. Although this "Saint Joan" leaves much to be desired, it is still a provocative movie that is worth seeing.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

COMMUNICATIONS

FILMS AND NOVELS

Washington, D. C.

TO THE EDITORS: Your excellent reviews of screen productions provide the kind of commentary and guidance that all should receive with gratitude. However, I would like to suggest that films based upon novels, especially upon those of our major writers, ought to be given more careful consideration.

In principle there is an important difference between the film adaptation or reproduction of any work originally written for another means of presentation and the original work itself. This difference is not quite as fundamental in the case of films based upon works originally written for presentation by dramatis personae (plays and musicals) as it is in the case of screen adaptations of works originally written in the literary narrative form. The screen, even far more than the stage, is a medium with a great capacity for the exploitation and realization of the purely visual and the unspoken event as well as for the purely auditory and spoken. The fact that the movies can provide entertainment of all kinds in relative (and in the case of the silent movie, in absolute) independence of the arts of spoken language is striking proof of the difference that exists between the medium of the screen and of narrative literature.

It seems to me that Philip Hartung is not as fully aware of these differences as he should be, and his review of "The Wayward Bus" [June 21] a movie based upon the novel of the same name by John Steinbeck, suffers accordingly. His cursory judgment that in the novel Steinbeck "overloaded his assembled group with problems and clichés" is open to serious dispute on many counts, and even though the film may be "old-hat and tired," it is also quite a different thing from the novel.

In such cases as this I think that the reviewer has a serious obligation to do one of two things: to review the film as a production clearly and definitely distinct from the novel, basing his judgments upon the film alone, as a work produced in its own proper medium and by its own proper methods; or to give both novel and film sufficient critical consideration that is based upon their respective differences. In his comments upon "The Wayward Bus" the reviewer does present some descriptive facts to substantiate his judgment of the film, but his judgment of the novel has no such basis. The review is therefore unjust both to Steinbeck's novel and to the reading public: to the novel because it is not allowed a fair hearing, and to the public in general because the reviewer assumes that the majority of movie-goers is not only credulous but indifferent to the value of the novel.

The review of "Something of Value" [May 31], when compared with that of "The Wayward Bus," seems to exemplify a kind of critical relativism. I think most literary scholars would agree that John Steinbeck has proved himself to be an author of considerable artistic stature, whereas Robert C. Ruark has not as yet. Your reviewer gives Steinbeck's book two lines of unwarranted censure and Ruark's book a brief but trenchant description. If in the reviewer's opinion Steinbeck is

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not at his best in *The Wayward Bus,* he should have said so and thereby implied a recognition of the fact that some novelists are superior to others and that some of the works of one novelist may be superior to his other works. By passing judgment upon the novel by Steinbeck, your film critic has taken upon himself the additional responsibility of the literary critic and scholar.

I think the film reviewer could do a great service to all by emphasizing much more the differences between the movie and the book, such as changes in the story and in character; and especially, by discussing the differences between the narrative, dramatic and screen media and their various methods of presentation. It is not only the teen-agers who naively suppose that having "seen the movie" they "don't need to read the book." Such an attitude is widespread, and it is harmful mainly because it confuses, and in a sense desecrates, the artistic realities involved. A great deal of good might be done by a thorough airing of the entire problem.

Meanwhile, I wish to urge that your film reviewers give as serious and thoughtful consideration to screen productions as your political writers give to the other areas of our cultural life.

PAULA HAIGH.

"THE OUTSTRETCHED HAND"

Emmitsburg, Maryland

TO the Editors: If there is one blind spot John Cogley has, and he is a very perceptive writer, it is his inability to understand the Catholic pacifist position as exemplified in people like Dorothy Day [The Outstretched Hand," May 31]. This lady is no naive do-gooder lured by the Communist "peace" line. If she is found occasionally in company with Communists and fellow travelers, you may be sure that she is not being taken in nor would she be a collaborator simply because Mr. Cogley may call such action collaboration.

When people like Dorothy Day, A. J. Muste and Milton Mayer associate themselves with organizations like the American Forum for Socialist Education, they act as a leaven in bread that quite likely may turn mildew. All three are powerful individuals and individualists. They do not believe in socialism and they well understand the pseudo-pacifism of the Communists. Their presence in such an organization does not mean they will be successful in preventing the Communists from taking over. Would we have them not even make an initial attempt in an organization that is not as yet bona fide communistic? Their function is chiefly to bear witness to the ultimate truths upon which a better world must be built. Having already been labelled as pacifist crack-pots by the well informed and realistic groups that have guided both Russian and American foreign policy to its present abyss, they have little to lose by challenging both right and left to a little deeper thought.

What should make us feel very sad though is that if men like John Cogley cannot see the value of this function by these people, then where in God's name must such fools start? Maybe the American Forum of Socialist Education will pay off better dividends after all. People like the three mentioned act as an abrasive on the sterile, conformist thought now dominating our society. Whether you agree with them or not, you can be sure you have had an exercise in thinking without the usual shopworn panaceas being offered as solutions to this country's problems.

RICHARD C. LEONARD.

New York, N.Y.

TO the Editors: It is regrettable that John Cogley, writing in your May 31st issue failed to report that the Socialist Party-Social Democratic Federation was one of the first groups to repudiate the American Forum-For Socialist Education. In a letter subsequently published by the New York *Times* on May 18th, the undersigned said, "The American Forum is not representative of socialist thought in America . . . [It] has no right to employ the name socialism if its leaders include spokesmen for the Communist Party, a group dedicated to the support of dictatorship."

HERMAN SINGER,
National Secretary.

AGE OF CONFORMITY

Teaneck, N. J.

TO THE EDITORS: Ours is the so-called Age of Conformity. Reviews, journals of opinion and far too expensive treatises hammer home the point that this time, notably in the United States, is dominated by the desire to be a "nice guy."

However, this view errs in perspective. For conforming, the act, is after all positive. And we are not

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positive. It is not so much that we want others to accept our mores, our economic or social standing, our very thoughts as that we want our neighbors not to be different. Hence, when William F. Buckley, Jr., shatters uncounted TV-conditioned mentalities by testifying to the truth, *the* truth of Christianity, he is discounted as divisive. (Admittedly not by John Cogley.)

To be divisive, then, is to be bad. It is not the inherent dangers of Communism or anti-Communism that stir our minds. It is rather that they are divisive. They bother us. The bulk of the opposition to either Communism or anti-Communism springs from people irritated "at all the fuss" created by a few "crackpots." They will not leave us alone. They will *not* not be different. It is fitting then, for The Commonweal to comment [May 10], "Yet President Eisenhower knows full well that men like Senators Jenner, McCarthy and Malone do not just disagree with him on this or that specific point, as men of good will and common aims often do." These particular U. S. Senators are, McCarthy was, decidedly not "nice guys." They are divisive. But is that stated? No, for that would be positive. It is easier, and more closely negative, to imply that the bothersome three, and the entire troublesome faction they represent (the Right Wing) are not "men of good will."

Unwittingly, perhaps, The Commonweal notes the qualifications that have led to Eisenhower's success [June 21]. "The President has managed to hold Republicans together by refusing to join in party strife, by minimizing differences, yielding and compromising, soothing the recalcitrant among his flock." Unwittingly, I say, for these are the precise reasons we like Ike.

What does Ike do about the recalcitrant among his flock? He soothes, yields, and compromises. What does he do about party strife? He just refuses to join. What does he do about differences? He minimizes. One might add normalizes, equalizes and sidestep-izes. Clearly, we do not like Eisenhower so much as we fear those others, the trouble-makers. We must watch them. Ike is not, at most, divisive.

BRIAN MCCARTHY.

BOOKS

Sinewy Style of the Irish Literary Revival

THE FLYING SWANS. By Padraic Colum. Crown. $5.

By VIVIAN MERCIER

"IRELAND is shaped like a saucer, with mountains all round the rim and a plain in the center." So they taught us in the National School at home — and, sure enough, whatever road we left the town by, very soon we found ourselves crossing a level bog. True, there were a good few little hills, but the only mountains stood on the southern horizon. On that same central plain, a little to our north, Padraic Colum had spent his earliest years, as had Oliver Goldsmith before him. Is it entirely fanciful to see, in the equable temper of Goldsmith and Colum and that other plainsman Seumas O'Kelly (*The Weaver's Grave*), in their gift for humor and pathos rather than tragedy, a reflection of the tranquil, undramatic landscapes of their youth?

A broad plain, frequently accented by little hills, would certainly form an appropriate metaphor to describe the effect of Padraic Colum's new novel—his second in a lifetime of writing. The leisurely sweep of its narrative includes many vivid incidents—fights, deathbeds, loves, betrayals—but all of them in the end leave the characters unchanged; even the chameleon-like Robert O'Rehill, the hero's absconding father, retains an odd consistency through all his evasions of reality. The mountains of tragedy loom always on the horizon, but the upheavals they symbolize never come to pass.

Padraic Colum, who heard folk tales before he could read and has spent much of his life retelling the folklore and epics of the world—Irish, Greek, Hawaiian—has woven into his book many of the archetypal characters and themes beloved by the shanachie and the epic poet: the Lost Father, the Wronged Wife, the Hunchback, the Witch, the Wicked Uncle, the Counselor, Expulsion, Fosterage, Youthful Exploits (*Macgnímartha* in Gaelic), and Return. The last four of these are among the titles given to sections of *The Flying Swans;* the title of the book itself reminds us of the wronged Children of Lir, who were changed into swans in the famous Irish tale.

I would not recommend this contemplative book to the kind of reader who expects a novel to give him a roller-coaster ride, on which, once pinned down by the safety bar, he is swept breathless up dizzy heights and hurtled screaming down dizzier depths, until the vehicle deposits him, retching and staggering, on firm ground once more. This is rather the kind of book that one lays aside from time to time in order to daydream over one's own youth. Yet Ulick O'Rehill, the future sculptor, finally chooses reality and responsibility in preference to the daydreaming fecklessness of his father and thus rejects the man who has rejected his mother, his younger brother and himself.

In the long run, when this novel's characters and incidents have faded from the reader's mind, one abiding influence will remain with him—its

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style. Perhaps it would be more correct to call it a language rather than a style, that collective language of the first generation of the Irish literary revival. The most recent generation of Irish writers seem to have lost it completely. To them Gaelic is Gaelic, English is Oxford or Hollywood, and Irish English is a bastard dialect never spoken off the stage of the Abbey Theatre. As a result, their novels and plays are unreadable, their poems readable but not speakable.

But here, with scarce-diminished vigor, that sinewy style rides once more, giving—in narrative as well as dialogue—the old sense of a language reborn, of an English grafted on Gaelic, almost every phrase of which has been formed, not by pen or typewriter, but on the living lips of men. "Oisín in the wake of the Fianna" says the Gaelic proverb for survivors of a great generation. But Padraic Colum is an Oisín not yet fallen from his horse, an Oisín who still miraculously retains his youth and strength.

Another Visit

PAPA YOU'RE CRAZY. By William Saroyan. Little, Brown. $3.75.

By THOMAS F. CURLEY

THE DUST JACKET of *Papa, You're Crazy* asks "What is a book by Saroyan except a book by Saroyan?" It is, of course, a book by Saroyan about Saroyan and for the whole wide world. A generous man, Saroyan, inviting everyone to come on to his house, C'mon a C'mon. Just be yourself and let him be himself and everything will be fine.

All told we have some thirty-four of Saroyan by Saroyan now. It is always fun meeting him—like going on vacation and visiting a friend and sitting with him and his wife and kids in the kitchen or the park or the beach and just talking about God or the world of words. (Saroyan likes words, one of the few writers left who does.)

This time we don't see much of his wife. Papa is living alone and takes his ten-year-old boy along. They walk on the beach, talk about writing and money, play word games, run races and go to Frisco for a short visit. It may not be literature but it's better than a luxury hotel, or even Peyton Place.

Listen to Papa who claims he's crazy: "The writer who is a writer is also a fool. He is the easiest man in the world to belittle, ridicule, dismiss and scorn. . . . He is also mad, measurably so, but saner than all others, with the best sanity, the only sanity worth bothering about —the living, creative, vulnerable, valorous, unintimidated, and arrogant sanity of a free man."

Here we are again: Free, freedom. If we keep this up, freedom will soon be a swear word, like the name of Our Lord. And lots of people who swear by Him don't even believe in Him. It's the same with freedom, some have suggested. "Men are freest," Lawrence wrote, "when they are most unconscious of freedom. The shout is a rattling of chains." Maybe. But we would not say that men are most Christian when they are most unconscious of Christ. Lawrence might, but then Lawrence showed signs of wanting to dispense a new dispensation.

Saroyan doesn't at all. He's content to be himself. And if the reader is content to let Saroyan be, to forget about co-existence or the problem of evil or whatever for just a little, why Saroyan is the right man. He is no Quixote, not even a Céline, just a good decent fellow who likes food and loves his children and who will never get you impaled on the front pages of the *Daily News*.

Victorian Crime

THEY HANGED MY SAINTLY BILLY. By Robert Graves. Doubleday. $3.95.

By JOHN P. SISK

THIS BOOK, according to the author, "is full of sex, drink, incest, suicides, horse racing, murder, scandalous legal procedure,

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Foreword by the Most Rev. Robert J. Dwyer, Bishop of Reno

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The Church Today, IV

In various parts of the world, more and more thought is being given to the teaching of catechism.

"Had the prophets, had Jesus himself taught in theology's way, they would not have got a hearing. The theologian's task is to systematize and define the Tidings once proclaimed; he must contemplate their meaning and erect a structure of truth in scientific language, consciously eliminating all imagery lest the meaning of the divine message be mistaken. But when the theologian addresses himself to hearers incapable of the abstractions and precisions which are the justification and the glory of his science, he not only will not be mis-taken. He simply will not be 'taken.' . . . The adult who would write a successful catechism must struggle to rid himself of all tendency to be intellectual and analytic, scientific and disjunctive. He must think in large units. He must convert all but a very few ideas into the measurable, the seeable. He must not hesitate to be as poetic and direct as God himself was under the Old Covenant or as Christ the master teacher. A man may be a good theologian but a poor catechist, simply because he conceives his task to be one of transmitting his science to the young in acceptable juvenile form. As catechist he has quite another function . . . The first function of a catechism is to proclaim the Good News entrusted by Christ to His apostles."

—Gerard S. Sloyan
in The Commonweal
March 8, 1957

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cross examinations, inquests and ends with a good public hanging —attended by 30,000. . . . Nobody," he concludes, "can now call me a specialized writer." Which is, of course, the last thing anyone would have called Mr. Graves, even had the book been about the care and feeding of nightcrawlers. The list of his published works suggests that for the last quarter-century his name has been the general purpose pseudonym for a corporation of writers.

They Hanged My Saintly Billy makes it clear once again that Mr. Graves is an old pro who knows a likely situation when he sees it and knows how to work it for all it is worth. The "hero" here is Dr. William Palmer (now a feature attraction in Mme. Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors) who was publicly hanged in 1856 for the poisoning of John Cook, a racing confrere. Mr. Graves' conviction is that the trial was one of the most scandalous ever staged at the Old Bailey, that "the medical evidence against [Palmer] had broken down completely and the circumstantial evidence conflicted," and that "the Lord Chief Justice and the Attorney General were both out to secure a verdict of guilty from the hand-picked jury." He is not, however, concerned with whitewashing Billy Palmer, "a scoundrel and a spendthrift" who made the mistake of challenging "the combined might of the Police, the insurance companies and the Jockey Club."

Mr. Graves gives us a great deal more than the trial and hanging, for he reconstructs Palmer's life, his milieu and parts of the lives of his associates. Indeed, if there were nothing more here than the story of a wronged man there wouldn't be much. An important principle of justice is at stake, but what will hold the reader, and what doubtlessly caught the author in the first place, is the fact that if Palmer did not deserve to hang for Cook's death he deserved at least prison on a number of other counts. For though Billy was apparently a generous man who loved his wife, went to church on Sunday and was called "saintly" by his raffish mother, he

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was in between times a forger, a swindler, a begetter of illegitimate children, an abettor of abortions, a doper of men and race horses, a rifler of the mails and possibly the murderer of his brother.

To tell this story Mr. Graves assumes the mask of an anonymous contemporary, conscientiously and self-effacingly intent on finding out the truth of the matter. He gathers this truth largely through a series of skillfully arranged interviews with those people who can throw light on Billy and his associations with the allegedly murdered Cook. The only complaint I have with these depositions is that many of them contain quotes within quotes and often sent me leafing back to get my bearings.

Mr. Graves calls his reconstruction a novel, although he assures us that "I have invented little, and in no case distorted hard fact." Technically, there is much that is novelistic in the book. It opens with the second day of the trial but returns immediately to Billy's youth and builds back to the trial and the hanging. The inevitable switching back and forth in time and the interviewing device, which develops the story through an interesting variety of observers, help to maintain a novel-like atmosphere.

Yet the book remains only a pseudo-novel. Characterization is superficial. Not only does Billy himself remain a shadowy and enigmatic character, which is perhaps inevitable and even artistically desirable, but the other characters as well have the existence they would have in a skillful job of reporting. The important thing, however, is that Mr. Graves handles expertly those aspects of character that serve his purpose.

What emerges is a detailed and, I imagine, a heavily researched picture of mid-century English village life that may startle those who think the Victorian Age was all Victorian. Mr. Graves is to be commended for not exploiting this sensational material as a less responsible writer might have. Otherwise, this entertainment (a whodunit in which at the end we do not know who did) may not add greatly to his stature as a man of letters. But in so far as it makes it possible for him to continue writing poetry it will ultimately, like Edwin Arlington Robinson's labors on the Eighth Avenue subway, serve a noble purpose.

REVIEWERS

Vivian Mercier, a frequent contributor, is a member of the faculty of City College in New York and specializes in Irish literature.

Thomas F. Curley, a New York novelist and critic, is a regular reviewer.

John P. Sisk is a member of the department of English at Gonzaga University in Spokane.

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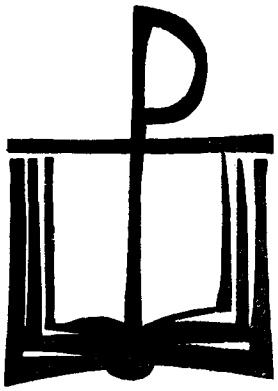

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